

Little Stars of Islam

Islamic Poems for Children

Volume 1

By

Mansoor Ali Shah

Published by Mansoor Ali Shah

© 2025 Mansoor Ali Shah

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise—without the prior written permission of the copyright holder.

This book is intended for children aged 5-10 years. The stories and teachings are based on authentic Islamic principles, including references to Hadith, and are designed to promote positive moral values and character development.

The content is presented in a simple and engaging dialogue format, tailored for young readers. While the stories are carefully crafted to be age-appropriate, parents and guardians are encouraged to read the book with their children to ensure full understanding and provide additional context when needed.

For further clarification on the Islamic teachings mentioned, readers are encouraged to consult qualified scholars or trusted Islamic resources.

All efforts have been made to present the teachings of Islam accurately. However, readers are advised to seek further knowledge from authoritative sources to gain a comprehensive understanding of the subject matter.

A Pure Intention

Mansoor ran to Baba one day,
With eager steps, in a cheerful way.

Mansoor:

“Baba, Baba, hear me now,
I gave my toy, they said ‘Wow!’”

Baba:

“That is kind, my dearest one,

But tell me why this deed was done?”

Mansoor:

“I wanted praise, to hear them cheer,
To be the best among my peers!”

Baba:

“Oh, my son, let me explain,
A lesson pure, for heart and brain.
A noble act is truly bright,
When done for Allah, not for sight.”

Mansoor paused and looked around,
His mind in thought, his gaze to ground.

Mansoor:

“But Baba, if I help and share,
Won’t people know and show they care?”

Baba:

“They may see, but know this well,
Allah knows what hearts do tell.
The Prophet ﷺ taught a golden way,
For all good deeds we do each day.
‘By intention, deeds will be,
Rewarded just accordingly.’”

Mansoor:

“Oh, Baba, now I see,
A good deed should be just for He!
Not for medals, not for show,
Only for Allah to know!”

Baba:

“Yes, my son, your heart is bright,
Keep it pure in Allah’s light.
Help and give, be always true,
With faith in Allah, He’ll reward you.”

Mansoor smiled and hugged him tight,
His heart now filled with guiding light.

The Whisper of an Angel

Mansoor:

Baba, tell me, if you may,
How did Allah send words to stay?
Did the Prophet ﷺ hear them clear,
Or were they whispers in his ear?

Baba:

Oh, my son, so bright and wise,
Listen well, and close your eyes.
A Hadith from Bukhari true,

Will share this wondrous tale with you.

Mansoor:

I'm listening, Baba, tell me more,
How did the angel's message pour?

Baba:

Sometimes like a ringing chime,
A bell that sounded deep with time.
The Prophet ﷺ felt its mighty weight,
Until its wisdom did translate.

Mansoor:

That sounds strong! It must be hard,
Holding words from Allah's regard.

Baba:

Yes, my son, it made him sweat,
Even in cold, he felt it set.
But other times, the angel came,
In human form, calling his name.

Mansoor:

An angel, Baba? Dressed like man?
Speaking words from Allah's plan?

Baba:

Indeed, dear son, with words so bright,
The Prophet ﷺ listened with all his might.
Every word he held so tight,
Guiding us with truth and light.

Mansoor:
Oh, Baba, what a tale so grand!
Now I truly understand.
Allah sent His words so clear,
To guide us all, so near and dear.

Baba:
Yes, my son, let's learn and strive,
To keep His words within our lives.
Like our Prophet ﷺ, pure and true,
Let's hold to faith in all we do.

Mansoor:
I'll remember, Baba, I'll keep it tight,
Allah's words shine ever bright!

Baba & Mansoor: The First Revelation

Mansoor: Baba, tell me, if you may, How did Prophet
Muhammad ﷺ start his way? How did he know he was
chosen so bright, To bring to the world Allah's light?

Baba: Mansoor, my dear, listen well, A wondrous story I shall tell. Our Prophet ﷺ, so kind and true, Saw dreams of light, bright and new.

With love for seclusion, he did roam, To Cave Hira, far from home. Days and nights in worship deep, Pondering truths, his faith did keep.

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, what happened then? Did Allah send an angel to him? Did he hear a voice so grand, Calling him to take a stand?

Baba: Yes, my child, one blessed night, An angel came in glowing light. It was Jibreel (عليه السلام), strong and bright, Telling him to read—what a sight!

Mansoor: Did our Prophet ﷺ read it then? Was he afraid, O Baba, when The angel spoke with might and grace, Bringing light to every place?

Baba: He said, "I do not know how to read." But Jibreel (عليه السلام) pressed him thrice with speed. Then came words from Allah's throne: "Read! In the name of your Lord alone."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, what happened next? Did he rush home feeling perplexed? Did someone comfort him that night, Telling him it would be all right?

Baba: Yes, my dear, his heart did race, He ran to Khadija's (RA) embrace. "Cover me, cover me!" he said, As his heart was filled with dread.

Khadija (RA) held him near, And spoke with words so clear: "Never fear, for you do right, You help the weak, bring love and light."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, she was wise, Her words like stars in darkened skies. Did she take him to someone wise, Who knew the truth beyond the ties?

Baba: Yes, my child, to Waraqa they went, A man of wisdom, old and bent. He heard the tale and then did say, "You are chosen in Allah's way."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, this story's grand! It fills my heart—I understand. The Prophet ﷺ was brave and true, And brought Allah's words to me and you!

Baba: Yes, my dear, this tale so bright, Teaches us to seek the light. In truth and patience, firm we stand, With faith in Allah's perfect plan.

Mansoor: I'll remember, Baba, this story divine, And make its lessons truly mine. To read, to learn, and always be, A servant of Allah, true and free!

Baba & Mansoor: The First Revelation and the Call to Warn

Mansoor: Baba, tell me, if you may, How did Prophet Muhammad ﷺ start his way? How did he know he was chosen so bright, To bring to the world Allah's light?

Baba: Mansoor, my dear, listen well, A wondrous story I shall tell. Our Prophet ﷺ, so kind and true, Saw dreams of light, bright and new.

With love for seclusion, he did roam, To Cave Hira, far from home. Days and nights in worship deep, Pondering truths, his faith did keep.

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, what happened then? Did Allah send an angel to him? Did he hear a voice so grand, Calling him to take a stand?

Baba: Yes, my child, one blessed night, An angel came in glowing light. It was Jibreel (عليه السلام), strong and bright, Telling him to read—what a sight!

Mansoor: Did our Prophet ﷺ read it then? Was he afraid, O
Baba, when The angel spoke with might and grace, Bringing
light to every place?

Baba: He said, "I do not know how to read." But Jibreel (عليه السلام) pressed him thrice with speed. Then came words from
Allah's throne: "Read! In the name of your Lord alone."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, what happened next? Did he rush home
feeling perplexed? Did someone comfort him that night, Telling
him it would be all right?

Baba: Yes, my dear, his heart did race, He ran to Khadija's (RA)
embrace. "Cover me, cover me!" he said, As his heart was filled
with dread.

Khadija (RA) held him near, And spoke with words so clear:
"Never fear, for you do right, You help the weak, bring love and
light."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, she was wise, Her words like stars in
darkened skies. Did she take him to someone wise, Who knew
the truth beyond the ties?

Baba: Yes, my child, to Waraqa they went, A man of wisdom,
old and bent. He heard the tale and then did say, "You are chosen
in Allah's way."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, this story's grand! It fills my heart—I
understand. The Prophet ﷺ was brave and true, And brought
Allah's words to me and you!

Baba: Yes, my dear, but there's more to tell, A pause in
revelation fell. One day as he walked alone, A voice from above
was shown.

He looked and saw, between sky and ground, The angel Jibreel
(عليه السلام), shining all around. His heart did race, his fear grew
deep, He rushed back home with hurried feet.

"Wrap me, wrap me!" he did plea, As his heart pounded rapidly.
Then Allah sent His words so bright: "O you wrapped in
garments tight!"

Mansoor: What did Allah tell him then? Did he guide him once
again? Was there a message clear and strong, To show the world
right from wrong?

Baba: Yes, my child, the call was near, To warn the people, loud
and clear. "Arise and warn!" Allah did say, "Turn from idols,
find the way."

From that moment, near and far, He spread Allah's words like a
star. The revelation came so bright, Guiding all to truth and
light.

Mansoor: I'll remember, Baba, this story divine, And make its
lessons truly mine. To read, to learn, and always be, A servant of
Allah, true and free!

The Gift of Patience

Baba: Mansoor, my son, come close to me, There's a story of
patience I want you to see. A lesson so precious, from our
Prophet dear, To trust in Allah and never fear.

Mansoor: Tell me, Baba, what is this tale? I love your
stories—they never fail!

Baba: Our Prophet ﷺ, so noble and true, Received revelation,
pure and new. But his heart, eager to learn with grace, Would
move his lips in hurried pace.

Allah then sent a message bright, A verse of wisdom, shining
light:

"Move not your tongue, do not race, For We shall make it firm
in place."

Mansoor: Oh, Baba, what does it mean? Why was he told to
keep serene?

Baba: My child, the Quran is a gift so grand, Sent by Allah, by
His own hand. No need to rush, no need to fear, Allah would
place His words so clear.

He taught the Prophet ﷺ to pause and wait, To listen first,
then recite straight. For patience brings the best reward, A heart
at peace, by our Lord.

Mansoor: SubhanAllah! I understand, With patience comes
Allah's hand. I will listen, I will learn, And for His wisdom, I
will yearn.

Baba: That's my boy, so wise and bright, Let patience guide you
to the light. For those who trust in Allah's way, Will find
success, come what may.

The Gift of Giving

Mansoor: Baba, tell me something new today, A story to
brighten my heart on the way!

Baba: My dear, let me tell you of a man, The best to walk in
Allah's plan. He gave with love, both far and near, His kindness
shone, so bright and clear.

Mansoor: Who was this man? Oh, do tell me more! Was he rich,
with treasures galore?

Baba: No, my child, his wealth was kind, A heart so pure, a
giving mind. He was the Prophet, ﷺ so true, And his
generosity only grew!

Mansoor: Tell me, Baba, when did it grow best? When did his
heart give more than the rest?

Baba: Ramadan, my son, was his shining hour, When blessings
rained like a gentle shower. Gabriel (عليه السلام) would come and
teach him right, Each single day, each sacred night.

Mansoor: But how much did he give away? Was it a little or
more each day?

Baba: Like a strong and mighty breeze, That rushes fast between
the trees! No hand went empty, no soul in need, For our Prophet
ﷺ was quick in deed.

Mansoor: Oh Baba, I want to give too! To share my toys, my
books, what's new!

Baba: That's the way, my little one, To follow the path of
Allah's sun. Give with joy, help with cheer, For Allah rewards
those who are sincere.

Mansoor: Then I will start this very day, To give, to share, to
help and pray!

Baba: MashAllah, my dearest son, Your journey of kindness has
begun!